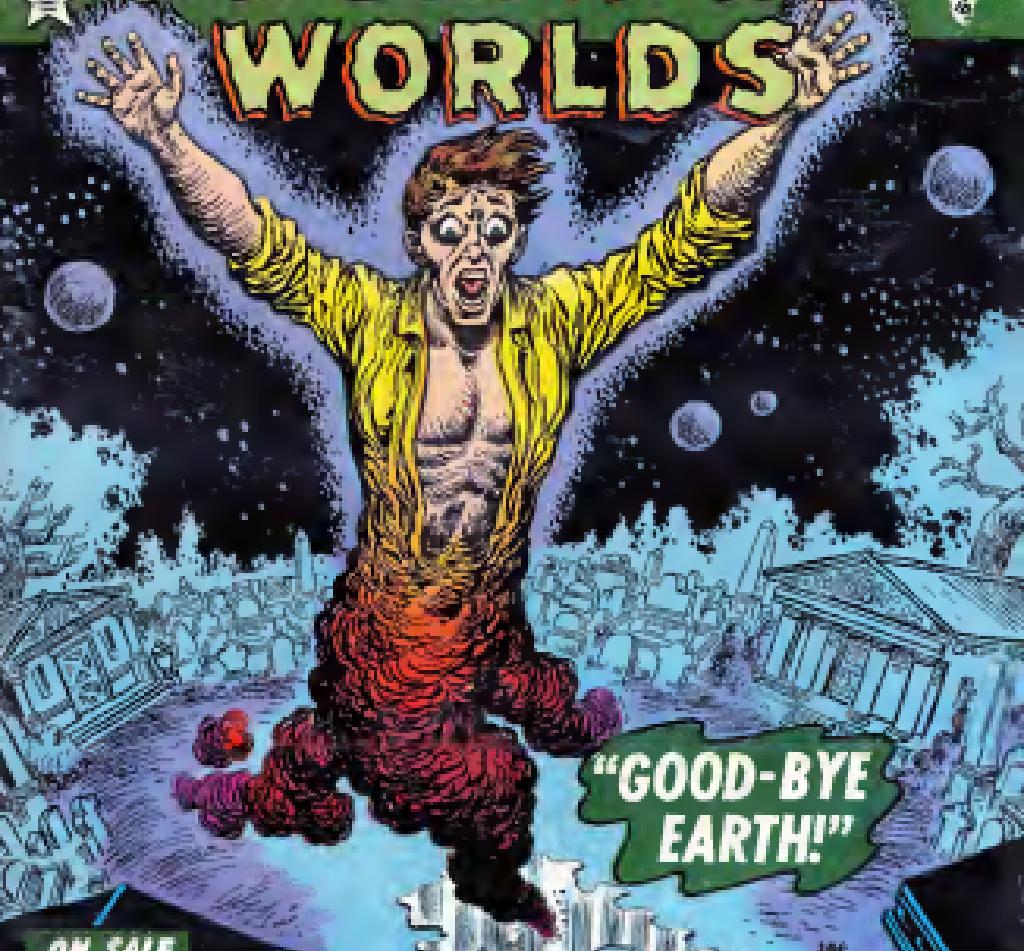


ADVENTURES INTO
WEIRD
WORLDS



ON SALE
MONTHLY

YES, RIGHT FROM DETROIT!

FROM THE AUTO CAPITOL OF THE WORLD
TO YOU . . . COMES THIS AMAZING

MOTORCADE BARGAIN

50 CARS \$1 FOR

REPAIR TRUCKS
HIGHWAY VANS
DELIVERY TRUCKS
U. S. ARMY PLANES
STREAMLINE TROLLEYS

Nowhere in LILLIPUT nor Gulliver
ever saw anything like this! This AMAZING
MOTORCADE BARGAIN contains FIFTY
motorized model cars. True three-dimensional scale
models of streamline trolleys, highway vans, delivery
trucks, repair trucks, and U. S. Army planes. They are
absolutely realistic and made of durable colored plastic.
Each car is an AUTHENTIC REPLICANT of the exact
model of the article. Fully dressed, giving you plenty to use
in all sorts of action games, exhibitions, contests and modeling
projects. Here we have the all sorts of great properties
united and close together. You can drive them, BUMP and
TRADE A FEW for anything you like and have
plenty left over for months and months of fun and
entertainment!

YOUNG PRODUCTS, DEPT. 2045 1605 Elephant, Detroit 6, Mich.

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY IF YOU ORDER NOW!

YOUNG PRODUCTS, DEPT. 2045 1605 Elephant, Detroit 6, Mich.
Over Stock Direct Ship to You in 24 Hours

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

Mr. Fox, Fisher, Ford, Clark, Clark, Morris, Olds, Buick, Packard, Hudson

Set Changes
AUTOMATICALLY
EVERY DAY

EXPANSION
BAND FREE
BY EXTRA ORDER

AMAZING NEW WATCH
with MECHANICAL BRAIN
Remembers - Tells Time - Tells Date

MOVEMENT: SWISS, MECHANICAL, RE-
LATION: 100% - RECALLS 100% OF
EVERY DAY'S TIME - 100% OF QUALITY FEATURES

MOVEMENT: SWISS, MECHANICAL, RE-
LATION: 100% - RECALLS 100% OF
EVERY DAY'S TIME - 100% OF QUALITY FEATURES

MOVEMENT: SWISS, MECHANICAL, RE-
LATION: 100% - RECALLS 100% OF
EVERY DAY'S TIME - 100% OF QUALITY FEATURES

MOVEMENT: SWISS, MECHANICAL, RE-
LATION: 100% - RECALLS 100% OF
EVERY DAY'S TIME - 100% OF QUALITY FEATURES

MOVEMENT: SWISS, MECHANICAL, RE-
LATION: 100% - RECALLS 100% OF
EVERY DAY'S TIME - 100% OF QUALITY FEATURES

MOVEMENT: SWISS, MECHANICAL, RE-
LATION: 100% - RECALLS 100% OF
EVERY DAY'S TIME - 100% OF QUALITY FEATURES

Guaranteed 100% Satisfaction

100% Satisfaction Satisfaction

TURN THE LIGHTS DOWN LOW, KIDDIES, AND GET IN THE MOOD FOR ANOTHER JOURNEY INTO **WEIRD WORLDS!** OUR LEAD TALE IS ONE OF THE STRANGEST WE'VE EVER READ... AND WE BELIEVE YOU'LL RATE IT ONE OF THE **GREATEST** YOU'VE EVER CAST YOUR PEEPERS ON!

GOOD-BYE EARTH



**TERRIFYING
MYSTERY
FROM A
WEIRD
WORLD!**

MY NAME IS HARRY BURNS! I'VE GOT A WIFE AND TWO ADOPTED KIDS AND I'M NOT IN SAWS. THIS ALL REALLY DID HAPPEN TWO DAYS AGO, WHEN I CAME HOME FROM THE OFFICE...



His voice was strange and yet oddly enough it had a familiar sound to it... as if I had heard it in a dream a long time ago...

GO INTO THE GARAGE WHERE WE WON'T BE DISTURBED! I HAVE IMPORTANT NEWS FOR YOU, HARRY BURNS... MOVE QUICKLY!

NOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME? WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?

I'M SORRY TO BE SO ABSURD ABOUT THIS, BURNS, BUT YOU WILL SOON FIND OUT WHAT IT IS ALL ABOUT!

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS... YOU JUST DON'T GO AROUND THREATENING PEOPLE WITH FANTASTIC - LOOKING GUNS! THE POLICE WILL...

WHY ARE YOU LOOKING UP IN IT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I DON'T BE AFRAID! I WON'T HARM YOU IF YOU CO-OPERATE! BEFORE WE LEAVE HERE YOU WILL UNDERSTAND WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

AS I SAID BEFORE, I'M JUST AN ORDINARY GUY WITH A GOOD JOB AS AN ENTREPRENEUR FOR THE UNITED NATIONS... I'VE GOT A SMALL HOME AND A HAPPY FAMILY! NO MATTER HOW I TRY, I COULDN'T FRAY OUT WHAT THIS STRANGER WANTED...

WHY ARE YOU STARING AT ME LIKE THAT? YOUR EYES... THEY SEEM TO BE BURNING INTO ME!

THERE ARE MANY THINGS YOU WILL SOON KNOW... AND REMEMBER... THINGS YOU ARE COMPLETELY UNKNOWN OF!

PLATE YOU MUST SEE WHO AM I REALLY AM... SO I WILL REMOVE THIS RUBBER MASK THAT COVERS MY TRUE APPEARANCE...

HE REMOVED THE MASK, AND FOR A MOMENT I WAS PARALYZED WITH FEAR... ALL I COULD DO WAS STARE AT THE SICKNESS, REACTING THAT IN FRONT OF MY EYES! IT WAS A MOMENT OF INDECREASABLE TERROR THAT SEARED DEEP INTO MY MIND...

HOW YOU SEE ME AS I REALLY AM, HARRY BURNS! LOOK AT ME CLOSELY! NO, YOU WOULDN'T REMEMBER ME... NOT YET...

THE SHOCK WAS JUST TOO MUCH FOR ME TO BEAR! WHEN I SAW THAT UGLY MASK OF GREEN PROTOLIUM GLISTERING IN FRONT OF ME SOMETHING SHARPED ME, AND I PASSED OUT! IT WAS ALL I REMEMBERED FOR A WHILE...



I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I WAS UNCONSCIOUS, BUT WHEN I CAME TO, I WAS LYING ON MY BACK! I TRIED TO GET UP, BUT MY ARMS AND LEGS REFUSED TO OBEDI... AND THEN I KNEW I WAS COMPLETELY PARALYZED...

I CAN'T BUDGE! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?

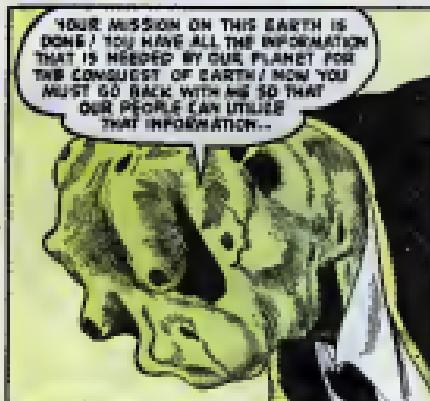
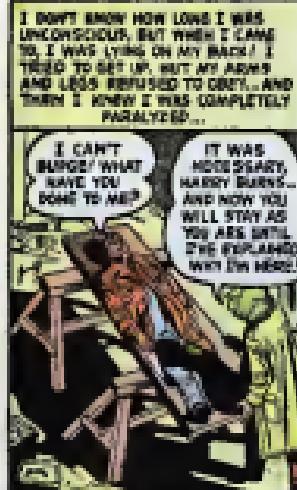
IT WAS MECHANIC, HARRY BURNS... AND NOW YOU WILL STAY AS YOU ARE UNTIL I'VE EXPLAINED WHAT I'M HERE!

MY NAME IS BALAN, BUT THAT WILL MEAN NOTHING TO YOU FOR A WHILE! I HAVE COME A LONG WAY FOR YOU... FROM GURUS-A STAR THAT IS MANY LIGHT-YEARS FROM THIS EARTH!

ARE YOU? I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT BUSINESS DO YOU HAVE WITH ME?

I HAVE COME TO TAKE YOU BACK WITH ME TO GURUS! IT IS A LONG AND PAINFUL JOURNEY, AND I MUST PREPARE YOU FOR IT...

TAKE ME BACK WITH YOU? BUT... WHY? I'M A SIMPLE MAN... I JUST WANT TO BE LEFT ALONE!



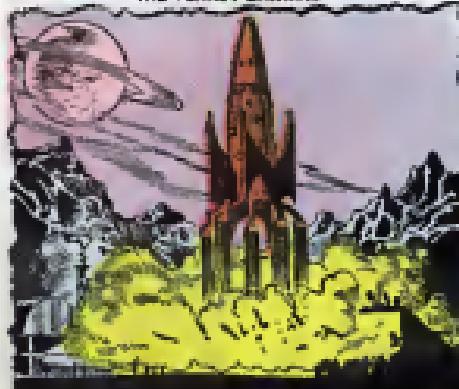
HE TOLD ME ABOUT THE PLANET GURUS, FAR OFF AMONG THE GALAXIES BEYOND THE RIDGE OF HIDDEN STARS! HE DESCRIBED THE CITIES AND ITS PEOPLES... AND HE TOLD ME THAT I WAS ONE OF THEM, AND NOT AN EARTHTHAN...

HE EXPLAINED HOW, IN ADDITION TO THE FALSE BODY, THEY HAD PROVIDED ME WITH A COMPLETE SET OF FALSE MEMORIES ABOUT MY LIFE ON EARTH... SO THAT I WOULD NOT BE DISCOVERED AS AN ALIEN SPY... AND THEY HAD BLOTTED OUT ANY OTHER KNOWLEDGE...



THEN, HE TOLD ME, WHEN ALL WAS IN READINESS, THEY PUT ME IN A SPACE SHIP AND BLASTED OFF FOR THE ONLY OTHER PLANET IN THE UNIVERSE THAT WAS CAPABLE OF SUPPORTING OUR KIND OF LIFE FORM...

THE PLANET EARTH...



I REMEMBERED THAT FIRST DAY IN NEW YORK! BUT THE POINT IS, I REALLY THOUGHT I HAD COME FROM CINCINNATI, WHICH ACTUALLY THAT WAS MY FIRST DAY ON EARTH! FROM THEN ON I DEVELOPED A LIFE OF MY OWN AS PLANNER, AND THE NATURAL STEP WAS TO FIND A JOB...



THE CHIP LEFT ME IN NEW YORK WITHOUT A MEMORY OF WHO I REALLY WAS, AND IN PLACE OF THAT WHO A FALSE HISTORY WAS PLANTED IN MY BRAIN, SO THAT I WOULD BELIEVE I WAS AN EARTHTHAN...



I GOT THE JOB AS A TRANSLATOR AT THE U.N. AND WAS CONSIDERED ONE OF THE BEST! IT WASN'T VERY LONG BEFORE DIPLOMATS BEGAN TO ASK ME TO DO SOME PRIVATE WORK FOR THEM AFTER HOURS...



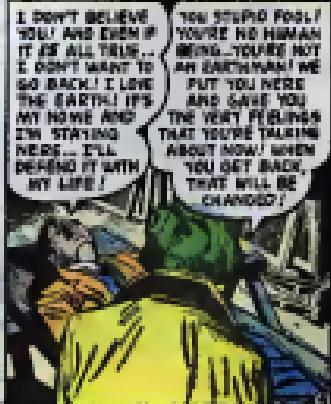
AND THEN IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE I MET THE RIGHT GIRL... WE WENT TOGETHER FOR A WHILE AND WERE MARRIED...



A COUPLE OF YEARS LATER, MY WIFE AND I ADOPTED TWO OF THE MOST WONDERFUL CHILDREN IN THE WORLD, AND THIS BEGAN HAPPIER THAN I EVER REMEMBERED! I EVEN WISH IT WAS TO LIVE IN PEACE AND LOVE...



AND SUDDENLY IN ONE NIGHT ALL MY HOPES AND DREAMS WERE SMASHED LIKE A CRYSTAL BALL! I HAD NO PAST—MY FUTURE WERE SOMEWHERE FAR OUT IN THE UNIVERSE... FAR FROM THE THINGS I LOVED...



I WAS BACK THERE, AND FOUND MYSELF
TRAPPED BETWEEN BEING AND NOT! ON
THE ONE HAND IT ALL SEEMED AROUND,
AND YET THIS ALIEN CREATURE FROM
ANOTHER WORLD WAS HERE...

WHAT'S
THAT
IN
YOUR
HAND?
WHAT
ARE
YOU
GOING
TO DO
WITH
ME?

IT'S ABSOLUTELY A MYSTERIC
CONTAINING A SERUM WHICH
WILL PREPARE YOU FOR THE
RETURN TRIP! IT WILL TAKE
EFFECT SLOWLY, AND YOU
WILL FORGET ALL ABOUT
YOUR LIFE AS AN EARTHMAN...



NO! NO!
DON'T INJECT
THAT INTO
ME! I DON'T
WANT TO
FORGET!
LET ME KEEP
MY MEMORIES
OF MY WIFE
AND
CHILDREN!



I'M SORRY, BARNES...
IT'S NECESSARY! IT'S
THE ONLY WAY WE
CAN TURN YOU BACK
TO WHAT YOU REALLY
ARE, SO THAT WE
CAN OBTAIN THE
INFORMATION
WE NEED FOR
THE CONQUEST!

DON'T BE AFRAID, BARNES...
THIS WILL ALSO RELEASE YOU
FROM THE FACULTY! YOU'LL
STAY AS YOU ARE FOR SEVERAL
HOURS, AND THEN, WHEN THE
SERUM TAKES EFFECT, YOU'LL
KNOW WHERE TO COME TO
MEET THE SPACESHIP.



SLOWLY I FELT THE STRENGTH RETURNING TO MY
MUSCLES! I TRIED AS HARD AS I COULD AND WAS
ABLE TO RAISE MYSELF ON ONE ARM... BUT THE
STRANGER WAS LEAVING...

WAIT! YOU'VE
GOT TO LISTEN
TO ME... I'LL
DO ANYTHING—
ONLY LET ME
STAY!

THE MATTER IS NO LONGER
IN MY HANDS! YOU'LL SOON
BE COMING OF YOUR
OWN DENSE!



AND WITH THOSE WORDS HE WENT GONE, WITH ONLY
THE WIND BLOWING IN THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR OF
THE GARAGE! I WAS WEAK AND FUZZY... I COULD
BARELY MOVE...

I'LL PROBABLY WAKE
UP AND FIND THIS IS
ALL A DREAM!



AND THEN HIS WORDS CAME BACK TO ME... "IT
WILL BE HOURS BEFORE YOU LOSE YOUR MEMORIES
OF EARTH!" I LEAPED TO MY FEET AND DASHED
TOWARD THE HOUSE WHERE MY WIFE AND CHILDREN
WERE WAITING FOR ME...

HELEN, WHERE
ARE YOU? IT'S ME,
HARRY... I'M SICK...
PLEASE HELP
ME!



I TOOK ONLY HALF A DOZEN STEPS BEFORE MY WEAK
LEGS GAVE WAY UNDER ME! I LURCHED FORWARD,
STUMBLED, AND FELL... AND A WAVE OF BLACKNESS
SWEEPED OVER ME...

(ASLEEP)...
HELEN... NOT
MUCH TIME...

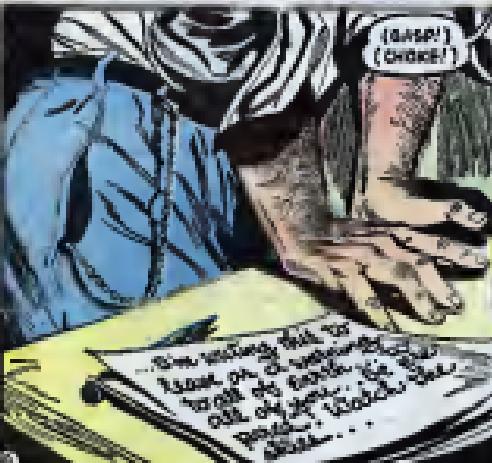


WHEN I REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, I WAS BACK IN THE HOUSE, AND HELEN WAS LOOKING DOWN AT ME. SHE WAS FRIGHTENED. I LOOKED AT THE LITTLE RED SPOT ON MY FOREARM WHERE THE HYPODERMIC NEEDLE HAD PUNCTURED THE SKIN...

IT WASN'T A DREAM! AND NOW I'VE ONLY GOT A COUPLE OF HOURS LEFT, BEFORE...

HELEN, I'M NOT FEELING TOO WELL! PLEASE LEAVE ME HERE ALONE FOR A LITTLE WHILE... I'LL BE ALL RIGHT IF I'M ALONE!

...AND THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY AS I KNOW IT! IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT THE PAST I USED TO THINK WAS MINE NEVER REALLY EXISTED! IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE IT WAS ALL PUT INTO MY MIND...



WHEN SHE LEFT, I GOT UP AND STARTED FOR THE WRITING DESK. IT SEEMED SO HARD TO BELIEVE, BUT I COULD TAKE NO CHANCES! I HAD TO SET IT ALL DOWN ON PAPER, THE WHOLE STORY FOR EARTH TO KNOW...

IF ONLY I CAN LAST LONG ENOUGH TO GET IT ALL DOWN... THERE'LL BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT... BESIDES THEY CAN TAKE SOME PRECAUTIONS...



...MY OWN MIND REBELS AT THE FACT THAT I AM NOT REALLY A HUMAN BEING... THAT I'M AN ALIEN SPY! WHAT'S THE INFORMATION I HAVE? I REALLY DON'T KNOW! BUT BEING AN INTERPRETER, I HAVE ACCESS TO MANY CLASSIFIED SECRETS... AND THEY'LL GET IT ALL FROM MY MIND WHEN I GET BACK...



...THEY'LL MAKE ME FORGET! I DON'T WANT TO FORGET MY WIFE AND BOSS, AND MY HOME HERE... I LOVE THE EARTH! BUT I HAVE NO CHOICE... THE DRUG IS TAKING EFFECT, AND I'LL HAVE TO GO...



THE END



Tired of Being Ashamed of Your Build?

LET ME GIVE YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY!

Charles
Gates

described the role of
the "Wright" Model
Program. (continued
below in an
unnumbered section)



My Secret Method Has Worked for Thousands No Matter How Skinny or Flabby They Were — Now, Why Not Let It Work for You?

HELP WHAT ILL FLOW TO SWIM A DAY CAN DO FOR YOU

I don't care how old or young you are, or how advanced of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arms and legs in a slow and **controlled** **movement** to your maximum, as each arm and leg should travel only 22 minutes a day—upwards on your own bodies—in all the time you live, there's no need for fear.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system (MUSCLES), and GROWTH I have said before to your share, give you a vice-like grip, make those legs of yours like iron and powerful. I can shorten your strength, make your shoulders, strengthen those same organs, help you stretch your body as full of pep, vigor and well-being, stability that you will last forever. I've even "strength tested" 1000 workmen and that just last October. Before I get through with you I have your whole frame "adjusted" to a tone, new beautiful state of strength.

WHAT'S IN STORE

years from God-given health—years of strength and prosperity should bequeath to us real value in this world.

FREE

SEND NOW for our famous book, "Wrestling Health and Strength." Printed with actual photographs. Pages by pages, in stories which show "Dynamic Tension" can do you good.

PLAYS ON
STATE AFFAIRS

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 602
113 East 33rd St., New York 16, N. Y.

Read, recited, and recited again, a song of never-fading beauty, breathing sounds and meaning—like a picture, containing a picture, expressing truth, beauty, meaning, and meaning again. I gathered up the book and went to Eddie and told him that it was now mine, and he said, "Well, I'm glad you like it."

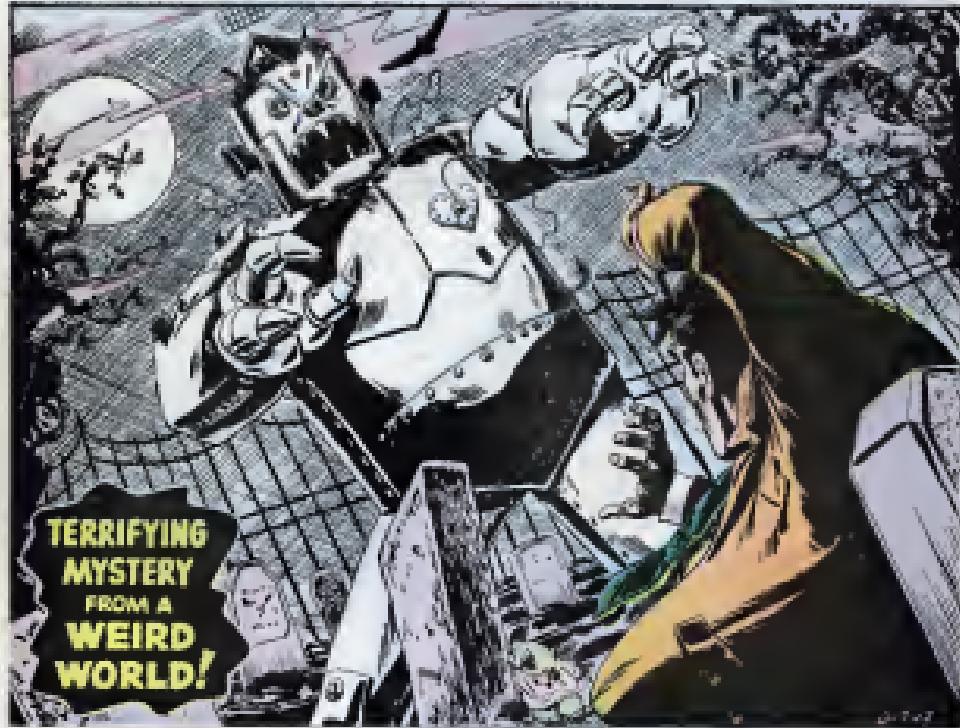
(Please print in ink clearly)

If under 18 years of age, check here for Section 8.

MAIL COUPON TO GET MY VALUABLE BOOK FREE

WHEN YOU CATCH YOUR BREATH AFTER THAT FIRST ONE, CAST YOUR EYES ON THIS WEIRDIE! THIS CREEP HAS A PERFECT PLAN TO REVENGE HIMSELF ON THE ONE PERSON HE HATES MOST IN THE WORLD...BUT PLANS NEVER A WAY OF BACKFIRING!

THE ROBOT THAT HATED



SEE THAT SHORT, HIGH-DESRIPT MAN... THE ONE IN THE RUMBOAT? NOTHING SPECIAL ABOUT HIM, IS THERE? IT LOOKS LIKE A HOBBOY, DOESN'T HE?

THAT IS WHAT YOU THINK! HE ONLY HAD TO BE JOHN FEDER, THE PHYSICIST WHOSE PAPER, **EXTENDING EMOTIONAL CAPABILITIES WITH LIMITS OF ELECTRICITY**, GAVE HIM A TOP SECRET FOKE FOUR YEARS AGO!

LOOK AT THAT SMILE ON HIS FACE... LIKE THE CAT THAT SWALLOWED THE CANARY! WHAT COULD THAT SUPER-BEAST BE COOKING UP NOW?



NO ONE KNOWS YET, BUT I HAVE DONE THE IMPOSSIBLE! I HAVE CREATED A ROBOT THAT CAN FEEL EMOTION!



JOHN FEDER ENTERS A CIGAR STORE, IGNORING THE COUNTER'S HUMILITY GREETING. HE PLUNKS HIMSELF DOWN IN A TELEPHONE BOOTH, AND WHILE HE DROPS A COIN INTO THE SLOT... AND WHILE HE DIALS 9... THE CRUEL SMILE LINDERS ON HIS LOOSE MINT MOUTH...



FORGET IT...THAT'S ALL, WHITE UNDER THE BRIDGE / LISTENING WHAT ABOUT GETTING TOGETHER FOR A FEW DRINKS TONIGHT? I KNOW A LITTLE PLACE OUT IN RIDGEWOOD...



STOP STARING AT ME! I HATE YOU, TWO THAT'S WHY I'M LAUGHING AT ME WHEN I PROPOSED! FOR SITTING IN MY FACE, FOR THROWING MY RING TO THE GROUND... I HATE YOU!



A TELEPHONE SHREWSHRIELLYING A ROOM AND A HALF-HALL UP IN THE CHELSEA DISTRICT.

HELLO? SIS, JOHNNY, I'M GLAD YA CALLED! NOT MANY FELLERS WOULD BOTHER TO CALL A GIRL WHO HICKED THEM PROPOSAL THE WAY I DID HOLLOW THE OTHER NIGHT. I'M SORRY I SAID ALL THOSE HASTY THINGS!



JOHN FEDER KEEPS TALKING SOOTHINGLY INTO THE MOUTHPIECE, BUT AS HE TALKS, HE HOLDS A CIGARETTE BETWEEN TWO FINGERS, AND SQUEEZES IT HARD! IT IS ALMOST AS IF EACH FINGER WERE A HAND, AND THE WHITE CIGARETTE WERE A WOMAN'S TING' NECK!



JOHN FEDER'S HIGH-PITCHED VOICE BOARS UP INTO THE NIGHT AIR, ACROSS THE TOMBSTONES, AND OVER TO A GROVE OF TREES WHERE A ROBOT STANDS WAITING! A DYNAMO BEGINS TO PLATE INSIDE THE STEEL HEAD! GEARS BEGIN CLICKING AND MASSIVE STEEL LEGS BEGIN STALKING PONDEROUSLY FORWARD...





IT HURTS! THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME
ON THE BODY OF THAT CAN
HATE... AND IT HURTS!



WITH FROZEN HANDS
I MADE IT A ROBOT
WHOSE EMOTIONAL
INHIBITION... MINDLESS
REFLEXES ARE
ELECTRICALLY
ATTACHED TO
HATE! HATE
I HATE IT HATES!
WHICH I HATE
IT KILLS!

THE MOON SHINES DOWN! IT
SHINES ON TOMESTONES IN
THE CENTER TOWN AND ON
SQUALID ROOFTOPS LIVING
SHADY STREETS! IT
SHINES ON PEDER AS HE
HURRIES HOMEWARD! AND
CUSHES THE SOUL OF
MAN SACKING SILENTLY
BESIDE HIM...

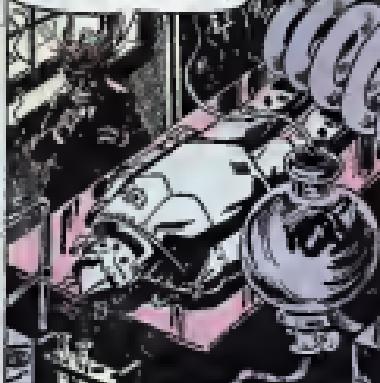


OUTSIDE JOHN PEDER'S WINDOW, A TREE RUSTLES
GENTLY, CAR TIRES RUMBLE AS THEY ROLL SWIFLY
BY ON THE AVENUE! SOMEWHERE A WOMAN
LAUGHS... ALL THESE SOUNDS PEDER HEARS
AS HE LIES SLEEPLESS IN HIS BED...



AT HOME, PEDER ATTENDS FIRST TO THE
ROBOT...

DOWN, MY STEEL FRIEND! REST ON YOUR
BLADE! REST WELL... THERE IS MUCH
WORK AHEAD FOR YOU!



NOW CAN A MAN SLEEP WHEN HE IS ON THE VERGE OF
CONQUERING THE WORLD? HOW CAN A MAN SLEEP WHEN
IMMATES OF CONQUEST KEEP MUSHROOMING INSIDE HIS
BRAIN?



EVERYONE I HATE, THE BODY OF
WILL KILL! AND I WILL
HATE EVERYONE WHO
STANDS IN MY WAY!
THERE WILL BE NO LIMIT
TO MY POWER!



WHIMPERING SOFTLY, FEDER DRAWS THE ROBOT'S MASSIVE
JOINTS...



BUT SUDDENLY JOHN
FEDER GASPS WITH
TERROR!



STORY/STORY
STAY AWAY!
(ASAP!) WHAT
ARE YOU DOING?
THERE HAS BEEN
NO MATE.
IMPULSE!



BUT THE ROBOT CANNOT STOP!
AND A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE JOHN
FEDER LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS, HE
REALIZES WHAT HAS HAPPENED!



AAARRGH!



THE END



FOR THE BEST IN WEIRD STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER



150 POWER \$100 MICROSCOPE \$1.00



THAT'S ALL!

This instrument, made of aluminum, magnifies objects 150 times. See thousands of Nature's hidden secrets—study insects, foods, minerals, etc. Educational—Fascinating for youngsters 6-10. No end to its uses. Complete kit includes—sturdy base, tilting stand, adjustable reflector, powerful ground lenses with focusing adjustment, glass slides and direction booklet. Order several at this unbelievable low price of \$1.00 each (6 for \$5.00). Simply send \$1.00 check or money order for each.

IMPERIAL SALES, Dept. K-102-B
410 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y.
Please send me _____ microscopes at \$1.00
each. 6 for \$5.00. I enclose cash, check or
money order. SORRY, NO C.O.D.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

WORK CLOTHES BARGAINS!

Special Offer

FREE
10 DAY
TRIAL



WORK
SHIRTS

79c
3 for 12.25

Blue, Tan, White
Weight 8oz & 16oz



WORK
PANTS

99c
3 for 26.25

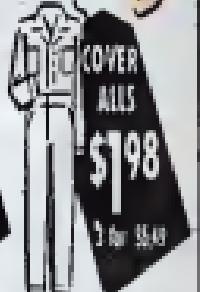
Blue, Tan, White
Weight 10oz & 16oz



SHOP
COATS

\$1.79
3 for 5.35

Blue, Tan, White
Size (One) 38-40



COVER
ALLS

\$1.98
3 for 5.90

Blue, Tan, White
Size (One) 38-40



WHAT A BUY! Surplus stock from a big midwest supply firm makes these gigantic savings available to you! Sturdy, serviceable work clothes, though used, have been washed, thoroughly sterilized and reconditioned. Every garment made of long-wearing wash materials, already new, with reinforced stitching at points of strain. When ordering, please state measurements under item.

SEND NO MONEY! Just send name, complete address, clothing desired (size, how many of each), and your color choice (1st and 2nd color choice). We will ship immediately. Pay postman plus postage when your order arrives, or enclose cash, check or money order, and we pay postage. Keep 10 days. Return for full refund of purchase price if not completely satisfied. Order today at our risk!

YOUNG DISTRIBUTING CO.

Dept. 2045

2905 Elmhurst, Detroit 6, Mich.

SO LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU... DON'T START BUILDING ROBOTS! HERE'S A GAL WHO'S HAVING THE STRANGEST DREAMS... OR ARE THEY DREAMS? ANYWAY, THEY'RE HORRIBLE ENOUGH TO DRIVE THIS GAL RIGHT TO ...

THE EDGE OF MADNESS

TERRIFYING
MYSTERY
FROM A
WEIRD
WORLD!



MADNESS WAS EATING INTO HER BRAIN TISSUE LIKE A CORROSION DISEASE THAT DISSOLVED LOGIC, AND INFLAMED REASON. IT DIFFUSED THOUGHT INTO A VICIOUS NIGHTMARE. IF SHE DARED BREATHE HER SECRET, A STRAIT JACKET WOULD ENCAPSULATE HER BODY!

TWILIGHT SLEEP, THE SLEEP THAT HOVERS BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH! THE SCANT MOMENTS OF THE NIGHT WHEN THE SOUL Lingers ON THE BRINK OF ETERNITY!

SHADOW FALLS OVER LUCILLE REMY'S FACE AND ITS DARKNESS SMOOTHERS HER BREATH AND TEMPTS LIFE TO EBB.



WHITE LIPS PLUTTED AND HER EYES OPENED.
THEY GLOWED IN DESIRE AND A
SCREAM CHOKED IN HER LUNGS...



**THE SCREAM BURSTS FORTH IN GREAT SOARING
SHOUTS AND THE GABLE-HOUSED STREETS
ECHO TO ITS LISSELDAY.**



**THE CLINGS BY A THREAD AND LIFTS
ITSELF TWISTS OUT FROM UNDER THE
THWANG'S TENTACLE...**



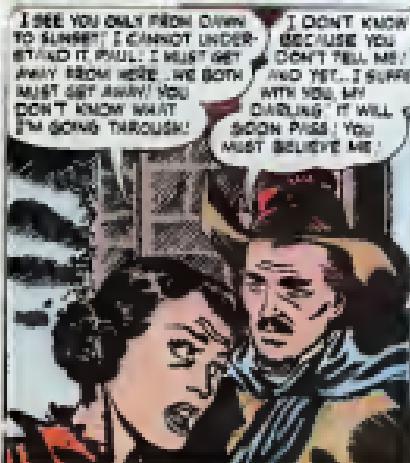
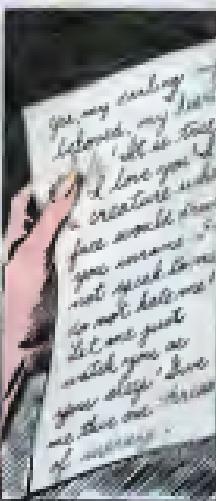
A HAMO QUICKLY
SMOOTHED THE SCREEN;
SO, IT IS NOT A HAMO? IT
IS THE APPROXIMATE OF A
CREATURE WHOSE BONES
ARE SOMETIMES FOUND
IN CHARLIE CLIFFES!



CHARLIE: WHAT IS IT? WHY ARE YOU SCREAMING SO?

CHARLIE: IT WAS HORRIBLE! THE DREAM, I MEAN! I MUST HAVE HAD A NIGHTMARE!





WILD ARMS AND LIPS MEAN NOTHING NOW! WORDS FAIL! FOR SOME REASON HE CANNOT JOIN HER IN FLIGHT... AND SHE CANNOT REMAIN BEHIND TO PLUNGE OVER THE EDGE OF MADNESS!

IT IS FINAL THEN, PAUL! YOU WILL NOT RUN AWAY WITH ME TO FIND HAPPINESS! WHY DO YOU LOOK AT THE SETTING SUN?

I LOOK AT THE SUN BECAUSE IT BRINGS THIS END OF LIFE WITH IT! AS LONG AS THE SUN SETS, WE CAN NEVER FIND HAPPINESS, MY DARLING... AND THE SUN WILL ALWAYS SET!

MADNESS! IT APPROACHES SWIFTLY UNDERS THE CURSE OF LOVE, OR SLEEP, OR DREAM! NOTHING MAKES SENSE. NEITHER PAUL NOR THE DUSK OF DAY!

GOOD-GIVE, MY DARL, NO! I CANNOT HAVE YOU. NO ONE ELSE SHALL! I PROMISE YOU THAT!



ONE MORE MINUTE BEFORE DUSK, AND SHE FLEES THROUGH THE THICKENING SHADOWS OF THE FOREST! DAY WILL END AND NIGHT WILL BRING! AND NIGHT WILL BRING WITH IT HORROR...

THE SUN HAS SET, AND NOW SHE SENSES PURSUIT! SOMETHING... SOMEONE IS CHASING HER! THE THOUGHT BRINGS HER CLOSER TO MADNESS BECAUSE IT MIGHT BE THE TRYING OF HER DREAMS!



She stops, paralyzed into inactivity by the sound of a hoarse, barking, guttural voice... then another voice: the growling mutterings of two wild beasts in death struggle!



THEN SHE SEES IT AND HER MIND FLEES ITS NARROW CONFINES AND WINGS INTO THE VOID OF MADNESS!

IT IS FIGHTING FOOL-ME! THEY ARE MOURNING EACH OTHER FOR ARI! ANYWAY!



FANGS SLASH, MOUTHS WRITHING SCREAM AND GRINDS INTO MANGLE WITH THE SPILLING BLOOD OF DEATH!



THE END

HERE'S A **GHOST** STORY THAT OUTDOES THEM ALL! WE HOPE YOU DON'T SCARE EASILY... ANYWAY, YOU'VE BEEN WARNED...

BEWARE OF THE GHOST

"**B**UT dash it all, Draper," said Curtis, curator of the British Museum, "I don't believe in witches and ghosts and boggoblins and all that sort of tom-mysot!"

"Neither do I, Curtis," said Draper, "and you know that very well. But the fact remains that seven people have gone to the police claiming that a witch had told 'em they were going to die—that they'd be strangled by the ghost of Bronislav, the angry Scot. The police laugh at 'em, and then, *poof!* Six of His Majesty's loyal subjects found in the Thames River, strangled, and the coroner says that no human hand did it, while the seventh is screaming up and down that he wants police protection."

"Did he get it?" asked Curtis. "Get it?" said Draper in exasperation. "They've got the poor bloke's flat surrounded by a squad of Scotland Yard's best."

"By Jove, Draper," said Curtis, "I still don't believe it was a ghost or anything that can't be

explained naturally."

"Explain it then."

"But I haven't investigated the matter personally," protested Curtis.

"Well, then," snapped Draper, "investigate it!"

Morton Curtis looked at his companion for a moment, he pursed his lips, and fiddled with the native dagger that he used for a letter opener.

"All right," he exploded, "I will." He picked up the telephone. A voice spoke out of the other end and he said, "Get me Scotland Yard. Hello, Scotland Yard? This is Professor Curtis speaking. Yes, of the British Museum. I would like to interview the fellow that speaks to the witch, you know that Langer chap. Yes, I've worked with Inspector Charriden before. Is it all right? Thank you." He hung up and faced Draper. "All right, let's go."

The house where Langer lived was an old style townhouse on

the outskirts of Lyndale. Curtis and Draper were met at the door by a dozen of policemen who checked with headquarters before they let them get through. Finally Draper pushed the bazaar at the door of Langer's flat.

The door opened — just a crack—and a hoarse voice grated, "Who is it?"

Draper announced them and the door opened a little wider, showing a chain latch. Two dark eyes peered out at them and then, apparently satisfied, Langer opened the door to let them in.

They discussed the entire matter with Langer, the witch, the killings, the ghost of the angry Scot, and the police protection. Finally Curtis asked.

"Where does this witch live?"

"Oh," gasped Langer, visibly shaken with fear, "I couldn't tell you that."

"Come, come—man," snapped Curtis, "you're surrounded by a whole squad of Scotland Yard's finest policemen. No one can hurt you."

(continued after next page)

continued

Langer's voice was hurried as he said, "But ghosts aren't afraid of policemen. The witch said he'd kill me, she said he'd get me in my flat, even if I was surrounded by the whole British and Scotch armies."

"Well, then," said Curtis in a quiet voice, "you'd better help us find this thing before it gets here."

Langer's voice was broken. "I—I guess you're right."

He broke down and gave the complete story of how he'd heard of The Witch of Waterloo, supposedly descended from the witch that helped to defeat Napoleon at Waterloo. He'd heard talk in a pub one night that if she liked you she could give you eternal youth and boundless wealth, but if she didn't, she put the hex on you, and the ghost of Bronislaw came, strangled you, and threw you in the Thames.

Curtis listened thoughtfully and when Langer had finished, he asked, "Did she ask you for anything? Money?"

"No."

"What's her address?"

"324½ Darby Road. That's just beyond Waterloo Bridge."

Curtis gave Draper a long look. "Let's go," he said.

At 324½ Darby Road, an old wrinkled woman answered Draper's knock at the door.

"Yes?" she hissed through broken stamps of teeth.

"We're looking for the woman who calls herself 'The Witch of Waterloo,'" said Curtis.

"I am that person," said the old woman. "What do you want with me?"

"I am Professor Curtis, of the British Museum," said Curtis, "and this is my associate Mr. Draper. We ah—we're interested in finding out about the ghost of the Angry Scot—Bronislaw."

She gave out with a weird

cackle that made Curtis' flesh prickle. "Come in, come in, gentlemen."

She threw the door open, and the filthy, musty odor hit the two men and nearly staggered them. Draper pretended that he had a cold, and he walked in with his pocket-handkerchief held to his nose. As they followed the witch they passed rooms filled with all kinds of junk, books, papers and just plain rubbish. Finally they came to a room which was sepa-



rated by a curtain from another room. The witch plunged behind the curtain, and then returned quickly bearing a huge scroll wrapped in velvet. She motioned to the two men to be seated on the couch, and she, herself sat cross-legged on the floor.

"So you want to know about the ghost of the Angry Scot," she said. Her voice trailed off in a high scraping cackle. She pulled the velvet sheath off the scroll and rolled the parchment manuscript out on the floor. She sat there white, and deathly, with her palms pressed to her forehead, muttering Latin phrases.

Curtis said, "What the blazes is?"

"Sh-h-h," interjected Draper. "Listen!"

Curtis listened, and soon he heard the weird keening wail of the bagpipes of the Scotch Highlanders. It came closer, and closer, until it seemed to fill the room with its violent melody that squeezed your brain until you wanted to scream out.

Then it appeared.

At first it was just a shimmering glow of translucence that filled a corner of the room, it whirled and danced to the tune of the pipes. It came closer and closer to the center of the room and then it stopped, wavered and slowly assumed a shape.

Curtis gasped. Draper sobbed in fear. And the thing—the horrible thing that was the ghost of the Angry Scotsman, Bronislaw, stood there, his face wreathed in the furious anger that had given him his namesake.

The witch looked up at the ghost, and said, "I was worried about you, Bronislaw. Where have you been? We have guests who would know of you."

The voice of the thing came out like the sound of death, like the sound of bats rustling in the graveyard trees. "Langer is dead now, your highness. You are once more avenged. I am honored that you worry about your humble servant, Bronislaw. How may I serve the rightful Queen of Scotland, descendant of MARY, Queen of Scots, who was beheaded by the devil-spawned Englishmen?"

Draper fainted, and Curtis lay so hollering on the ground. She pointed to the two Englishmen and shrieked, "Kill them! Kill them!"

The ghost of the Angry Scot complied.

POOR RAL! THE GUY IS SIMPLY *BESIDE* HIMSELF! HOW ABOUT A WEIRD ONE ABOUT THE TIME WHEN SPACE TRAVEL HAS BECOME A FACT? A COUPLE OF CREEPS ARE GONNA RUN OUT ON THEIR DUTY... BUT THEY'LL WISH THEY STAYED AT HOME!

MENACE FROM MARS!

SPACE TRAVEL IS ONLY TEN YEARS OLD AND ALREADY THERE IS TALK OF WAR BETWEEN THE PLANETS! RUMORS FLY ABOUT THE MONSTERS OF MERCURY WHO WILL RAPE EARTH.

AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO HEARD, FROM A GUY WHO HAS A PAL WHO KNOWS A PRIVATE IN THE SPACE CORPS THAT WHEN THE SNAKE CREATURES FROM JUPITER COME, IT'LL GOOD-BYE, WORLD...

But it's the menace from Mars we've really got to fear, say others! Those Martians are giants, 20 feet tall!

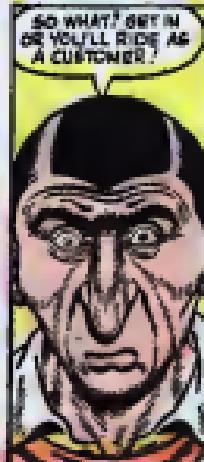
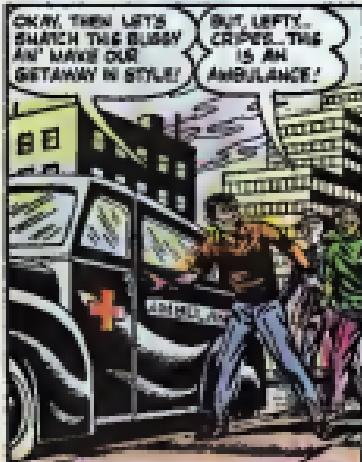


IT MUST BE TRUE, LEFTY! LOOK... THE 'WAYS DRAFTIN' GUYS FROM IT TO GO!

LET 'EM DRAFT TILL THEY CATCH COOL! THEY AINT NEVER GONNA GET LEFTY MORTON INTO A UNIFORM! I KNOW MY RIGHTS!

LEFTY MORTON, HUH? JUST THE PERSON I'M LOOKING FOR!









NO, THE MARTIANS CAN'T UNDERSTAND ANY EARTH LANGUAGE. BUT EVEN A DOPE CAN UNDERSTAND THAT THE MARTIANS ARE PREPARING FOR WAR... AND LEFTY IS A PRIZE DOPE!



WITH THE GREAT MARTIAN-SHORTAGE ON MARS, THEY ARE DRAFTING EVERYONE. EVEN COMMUNISTS FROM EARTH!



BUT THE MARTIANS DO MAKE THEM WEAR THE UNIFORMS AND WORK 24 HOURS A DAY...



AND FOR CHOW ALL THEY GET IS A SHOT IN THE ARM!



AND THAT KEEPS THEM GOING UNTIL DEATH GIVES THEM A DISCHARGE. BECAUSE A HITCH IN THE MARTIAN ARMY IS FOR LIFE!



THE END

HERE'S OUR GRAND FINALE! HOW WOULD YOU FEEL IF YOU CAME BACK HOME AFTER A VACATION AND FOUND THE STREETS COMPLETELY DESERTED? KINDA SCARED AND PUZZLED, EH? WELL, THAT'S WHAT IS HAPPENING TO HAL! LET'S SEE HOW HE MAKES OUT!

THE DEAD

HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHAT'S EVERYTHING LOCKED UP? WHAT'S EVERYONE RUNNING AWAY FOR? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THIS TOWN?

HAL JORDAN HADN'T BEEN AWAY FOR LONG—JUST A FEW DAYS OF HUNTING AND FISHING ON A PLEASANT VACATION! AND YET, WHEN HE CAME BACK HOME, THERE WAS A CHAOS THAT HE HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE! HUMANS WERE BOARDED UP AND EXCEPT FOR A FEW FLEEING NEIGHBORS, THE STREETS WERE DESERTED.

TERRIFYING MYSTERY FROM A WEIRD WORLD!

0480

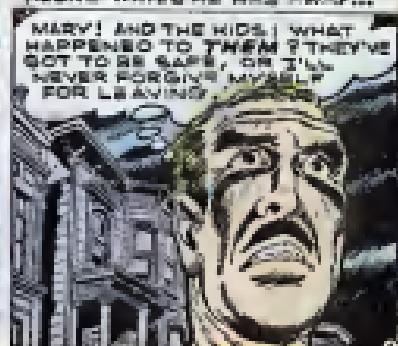
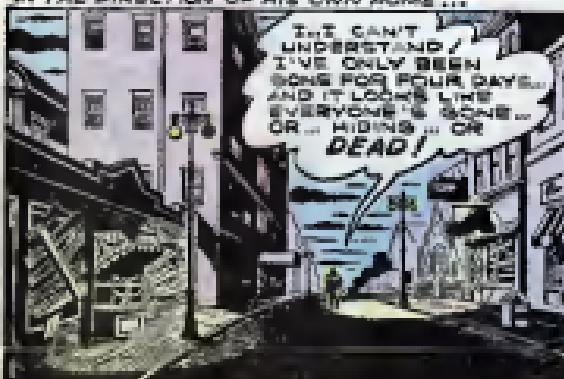
Book Again

HE STOOD IN THE CENTER OF THE EMPTY STREET, STARING AT THE DESOLATE TOWN THAT HAD ONCE BEEN ALIVE! DAZED AND UNABLE TO SHAKE OFF THE FEELING OF SHOCK, HE TRUDGED SLOWLY IN THE DIRECTION OF HIS OWN HOME...

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND! I'VE ONLY BEEN GONE FOR FOUR DAYS, AND IT LOOKS LIKE EVERYONE IS GONE—OR... HIDING... OR DEAD!

IT WAS LIKE BEING LOST IN A BAD DREAM! HE WANTED TO SHOUT OUT, BUT HIS VOICE WAS PARALYZED! THEN HE REMEMBERED THAT HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN HAD BEEN LEFT ALONE WHILE HE WAS AWAY...

MARY! AND THE KIDS! WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM? THEY'VE GOT TO BE SAFE, OR I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF FOR LEAVING...



HE RAN LIKE A HARRIER IN PAIN,
ACROSS THE GRAVEL ROAD, AND
SHOT CUTS THRU EACH HIND
OF HIS NEIGHBORS / ONLY ONE
THOUGHT KEPT BEATING AT
HIS BRAIN...

/BABY! THEY'VE JUST GOT
TO BE ALL RIGHT/THEY
HAVE JUST GOT TO BE
SAFE!



HE CLIMBED THE
WHITE PICKET FENCE
INTO HIS OWN BACK
YARD, AND HE WAS
HEADED AROUND FOR
THE FRONT DOOR
WHEN HE HEARD A
NOISE FROM THE
CELLAR. IT WAS
CLEAR - AND THERE
WAS NO MISTAKING IT -
SOMEONE WAS
CRYING.

IT... IT'S COMING
FROM THE CELLAR! I
WONDER... COULD
IT BE...?



HE TIPTOED TOWARD THE CELLAR
DOOR / HIS HAND GRABBED THE
COLD IRON KNOB, AND HE
JERKED THE DOOR OPEN
QUICKLY / AND HE SAID...

HAL! BABY! IT'S YOU! YOU'VE COME
AT LAST! THANK HEAVENESS!

DADDY! TAKE US
AWAY FROM HERE!
WE'RE AFRAID
ALL SORTS OF
CRAZY THINGS!



OH, HAL / WHEN YOU
DIDN'T COME, I THOUGHT
SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED
TO YOU / I WANTED TO
LEAVE AND TAKE THE
CHILDREN WITH ME... BUT
I HAD TO WAIT FOR YOU...

BUT I DON'T
UNDERSTAND, MARY / WHAT'S
HAPPENED HERE? I
SAW THE
STREETS
DESERETED, AND
PEOPLE HIDING,
OR RUNNING
AWAY! WHY? WHY?
WHAT IS IT?



HAL SAW THE STRANGE LOOK IN
HIS WIFE'S EYES AS SHE REAL-
IZED THAT HE HAD IN NOTHING /
THE BLOOD SEEMED TO DRAIN
FROM HER FACE - BUT THEN
SHE GOT TO HER FEET AND
TOOK HIS HAND...

YOU WON'T
BELIEVE IT,
MARY! IT IS,
SURELY THERE'S
NO NEED FOR
SUCH TERROR...

WHAT IS IT, MARY?
WHATEVER IT IS,
I JUST
TELL YOU,
COME, AND
SEE FOR
YOURSELF!



THE WOODEN STAIRCASE
CREAKED BEHIND THEM,
FEET AS THEY MOVED
SLOWLY TOWARDS THE
DOOR THAT LED TO
THEIR LIVING ROOM /
HAL OPENED IT...

Y-YOU SEE
WHAT I
MEANT?
BUT WHAT
CAN WE
DO?

/BABY
GOOD
HEAVEN!/



THESE WERE DEAD THINGS IN THAT ROOM / COFFERS,
BUT NOT JUST STRANGERS! THEY WERE THE DECEASED
RELATIVES OF HAL AND MARY, BROTHERS, MEMBERS
OF THE FAMILY THAT THEY HAD LOVED SINCE STOPPED
MOURNING!

AUNT DOROTHY
AND UNCLE FRANK /
BUT THEY DIED
NEARLY TEN
YEARS AGO...



YES, AND THERE'S GEORGE,
AND HELEN, AND ALL THE
REST / THEY'VE ALL COME
BACK FROM THE DEAD!



SEEING THE UNEARTHLY VISITORS IN HIS LIVING ROOM WAS A SHATTERING BLOW TO HAL'S NERVES / HE TREMBLED AS HIS WIFE LED HIM BACK TO THE UNDERGROUND SANCTUARY...

"IT'S IMPOSSIBLE / THOSE THINGS JUST DON'T HAPPEN / TELL ME I WILL SEEING THINGS, BEFORE I GO OUT OF MY MIND /"

I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL / IT WAS THE SAME WAY WITH ME WHEN I SAW THEM / IT HAPPENED TWO DAYS AFTER YOU LEFT FOR YOUR VACATION..."



"I REMEMBER AS IF IT WERE ONLY THIS MORNING I WAS COMING BACK WITH MY BUNDLES FROM THE MARKET, AND I PASSED NEWGATE CEMETERY / KATE ASKED ME THE SAME QUESTION SHE ALWAYS DID..."

"MOMMY, WHY DO THEY PUT PEOPLE IN THE GROUND? / PEOPLE WHO HAVE LOST SOMEBODY THEY LOVE / WANT THEM TO REST IN A NICE, PEACEFUL PLACE!"



"BUT SUDDENLY THE PEACE WAS SHATTERED BY THE SOUND OF CRUNCHING ROCK AND A LOW ROARING SOUND! IT WAS LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE, TEARING THE GROUND APART!"

"MOMMY! MOMMY! I'M AFRAID!"



"I WANTED TO RUN, BUT MY LEGS WENT WEAKE / I COULD ONLY STAND THERE AND STARE AT THE TOPPLING STONES AND THE HEAVING EARTH THAT BUBBLED UP FROM BELOW / LONG JAGGED CRACKS WERE EVERYWHERE AS THE GROUND SPLIT APART..."



"I WANTED TO SCREAM, BUT I COULD ONLY MOVE MY MOUTH IRONICALLY WITHOUT MAKING A SOUND, AS I SAW THOSE HANDS REACHING OUT FROM THEIR GRAVES..."



"I SAW THEM! THEY CAME CRAWLING OUT WITH THE SOFT, BLACK EARTH STILL CLIMBING TO THEIR BODIES THAT HAD ROTTED LONG AGO..."



"I THOUGHT THAT WAS THE END OF ALL OF US! BUT THE PECULIAR THING WAS THEY DIDN'T HURT ANYONE, OR ATTACK THE PEOPLE ON THE STREETS! THEY JUST IGNORED US ALL, AS IF THEY HAD SOME PLACE IMPORTANT TO GO TO — AS IF THEY WERE RELATIVES RETURNING HOME AFTER A LONG ABSENCE!"



"AND WHERE DID THEY GO? THEY CAME BACK TO THE HOUSES THEY HAD KNOWN IN LIFE — BACK TO THEIR RELATIVES AND LOVED ONES WHO HAD DIED. WHEN THEY WERE PUT INTO THE COLD GROUND... BACK TO THE PEOPLE WHO HAD SCREAMED WHEN THEY DIED AND PLEADED FOR THE DECEASED TO RETURN!"



"I SAW THEM GOING BACK TO THEIR OWN HOMES... RINGING DOORBELLS AND WAITING TO BE RECEIVED WITH OUTSTRETCHED ARMS... WITH LOVE AND TENDERNESS! BUT THE RESPONSE WAS VERY DIFFERENT; THE SHOCK KILLED MANY PEOPLE AND DROVE OTHERS MAD!"



MAL'S VOICE TREMBLED AND BROKE INTO HYSTERIC SOBING AS SHE FINISHED HER STORY!

"YOU KNOW THE REST, HAL! I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER COME, AND I COULDN'T LEAVE TILL YOU GOT HERE! HOW WE CAN GO AWAY TOGETHER!"

"GOT LEAVE OUR HOMES TO THOSE CORPSES IN THERE? THAT'S NOT THE ANSWER! WE BELONG HERE... AND WE'RE GOING TO STAY AND FIGHT IT OUT! SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE!"



"IT WAS NIGHT WHEN HAL JENNINGS LIFTED UP THE CELLAR DOOR AND MADE HIS WAY OUTSIDE. HIS WHOLE BODY WAS STILL TAUT WITH NERVOUSNESS... BUT HE LOOKED BACK AT HIS FAMILY FOR ONLY AN INSTANT AND THEN WENT OUT..."



"HAL JENNINGS WENT THROUGH THE TOWN LOOKING FOR PEOPLE. HE TALKED TO THEM... AFFLUED WITH THEM..."

"YOU'VE GOT TO STAY! IF WE ALL STICK TOGETHER, WE CAN DRIVE THEM OUT! ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS ORGANIZE!"

"MAYBE HE'S RIGHT!"

"I BUILT THAT HOUSE WITH MY OWN HANDS, AND PLANTED THAT GARDEN. I'D ALREADY HAD TO LEAVE!"



"HAL JENNINGS ORGANIZED A MEETING, AND THE FRIGHTENED PEOPLE WERE GLAD TO GATHER AROUND AND FEEL THE COURAGE BUILDING UP IN THE STRENGTH OF NUMBERS..."

"IT'S NATURAL TO FEAR THINGS WE DON'T UNDERSTAND, BUT YOU CAN'T LET FEAR PARALYZE YOU!"

"OKAY, HAL... BUT WHAT DO WE DO?"

"WE'LL TAKE TORCHES AND CHAINSAWS! WE'LL GO BACK TO OUR HOMES AND DRIVE THEM OUT! WE'LL SEND THEM BACK WHERE THEY BELONG. IF THEY VENTURED TO HURT US, THEY'D HAVE DONE IT BEFORE, SO LET'S JUST LET THEM KNOW THEY'RE NOT WANTED HERE!"



"HE MOVED THEM... STIRRED THEIR ANGERS... AND IN A FEW MINUTES THE QUIET CROWD WAS TURNED INTO A VIOLENT Mob ARMED THEMSELVES WITH TORCHES, CHAINSAWS, AND ANYTHING THEY COULD FIND! THE FIRELIGHT FLICKERED IN THEIR EYES AS THEY FOLLOWED THEIR NEW LEADER!"

"OKAY, LET'S GO! WHERE ARE WE?"

"DRIVE THEM OUT!"

"BACK TO OUR HOMES!"

"OKAY, MEN! INTO THE HOUSES... GET RID OF 'EM!"

THE MOB MOVED FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE WITH CRACKLING MATCHES, THEIR HEARTS FULL OF FURY AND HATRED, BUT THE DEAD MADE NO ATTEMPT TO FIGHT BACK. IT WAS ALMOST AS IF THEY HAD DISCOVERED FOR THE FIRST TIME DURING THEIR VISIT, THAT THEY WEREN'T WANTED...



THEY CAME FROM HOUSES ALL THROUGH THE TOWN, MOVING SILENTLY PAST THE FLICKER BEGGING THROUGH THE GATES — AND ONTO THE STREETS. THE ONLY SOUND WAS THE CRUNCHING OF THE GRAVEL BEINGEATH THEIR FEET...



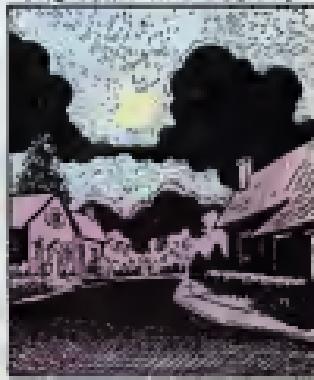
"BUT WHERE?" THE QUESTION AROSE. "WHO THEY DO IT? FOR A SHORT SPAN OF TIME, HUNDREDS OF DEAD HAD WALKED THE EARTH, AND THEN SUDDENLY DISAPPEARED. WHERE WERE THEY?"



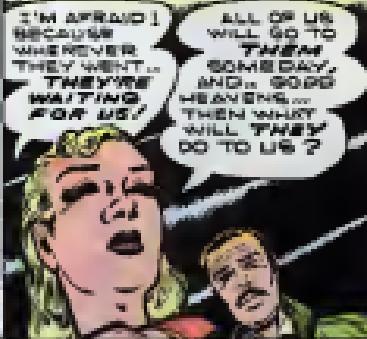
THEY WERE NO TROUBLE. THE DEAD WENT QUIETLY, LEAVING THE PLACES OF THEIR LOVED ONES — LEAVING THE HOUSES WHERE THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE WANTED. THEY DIDN'T SEEM ANGRY OR AFRAID; THEY JUST SEEMED HURT...



AND SUDDENLY, AS MYSTERIOUSLY AS THEY HAD COME, THEY WERE GONE; THE STREETS WERE EMPTY, THE TOWN WAS SILENT.



EVERYONE TURNED TO LOOK AT HAL, UNHAPPILY. SHE STARED INTO THE EMPTY CRYPTS AND HER VOICE WAS TREMBLING IN DESPAIR AS SHE WHISPERED...



IN OUR NEXT GREAT ISSUE OF WEIRD WORLDS, YOU'LL READ THE AMAZING TALES CALLED "HALF HUMAN" AND "THE DWARF OF HORRORMOOR!" DON'T MISS 'EM!



*Skinny Girls
Don't Have OOMPH!*

It takes those extra lbs. of solid flesh to "bring out" your natural curves.

If you're otherwise healthy but skinny, scrappy, rudderless and the underweight, try correcting this common mistake in eating.

There are three essential substances that many other, stronger and under-nourished girls may fail to get in sufficient quantity from the food they eat. These substances are Vitamin B₁, calcium phosphate and iron. If, like thousands of others, you are underweight without definite cause . . . never seem to gain a pound . . . are in the throes of tooth gnawing and pecky from insufficient amounts of these precious elements, don't get discouraged.

You may find that by correcting this simple mistake in making this simple add this note that . . . some additional pounds that help bring out those natural approaching curves. A simple and easy way is to try the amazing new product called *Mineral* that happens to supplement arsenic, the Vitamin B₁, calcium, phosphate and iron needed on the daily diet. Plus a food that in itself is a great help in adding extra pounds.

Table 1. *Leuprolide transdermal system 3 times a day: its effectiveness, sustainability*

11. *Is there a weight persistence year doctor*



and easy to take. You will get the equivalent of Vitamin B₁ (vitamin of 34 calories of average bacon) per pound...the iron equivalent of 13 pounds of meat...an equivalent of 14½ pounds of apricots or 9 pounds of boiled beans...and the calcium equivalent of 5½ lbs. of fresh cow's milk...the phosphorus content of 12 lbs.

Remember, if you don't get a sufficient quantity of Vitamin B₁₂ in your daily diet, you may suffer loss of appetite. And without sufficient rest, the element that helps build rich and blood-

you may be rundown, pale, weak and listless. You need calcium phosphate dissolved with sand and ground beans.

Normal Men Please You or No One
So if you are alone, gambling and buying
lots of these precious necessities, don't
worry any longer. Get Normal today. You
will then always have plenty of "bling"
and your dreams will come true again. Take
Normal Rightfully for a week. See if you
don't actually feel the difference . . . you
will be a whole new person. If after this regimen
you honestly don't feel Normal, Normal
will refund you, just because the results for a
complete refund of your money. Normal
comes from a man, comes a star in our

Want to know more?

M. B. NATURE PRODUCTS CORP.
2000 Broadway, New York 20, N. Y.
Please send me a copy of your catalog, and also
a copy of your book on the use of natural
products in medicine and cosmetics.

shutterstock.com

and the 10-year mean is used as general estimate. The results, however, are not used. The 10-year mean is used, because the 10-year mean is used.

• **Chronic Disease** refers to any long-term condition that requires medical attention.

CHEW IMPROVED FORMULA CHEWING GUM! REDUCING PLAN

Up to 5 lbs. a week with Dr. Phillips Plan

Reduce to a slimmer more graceful figure the way Dr. Phillips recommends — without starving — without missing a single meal! Here for you NOW — a scientific way which guarantees you can lose as much weight as you wish — or **YOU PAY NOTHING!** No Drugs, No Starvation, No Exercises or Laxatives. The amazing thing is that it is so easy to follow — simple and safe to lose those ugly, fatty bulges. Each and every week you lose pounds safely until you reach the weight that most becomes you. Now at last you have the doctors' new modern way to reduce — to acquire that dreamed about silhouette, an improved slimmer, exciting, more graceful figure. Simply chew delicious improved Formula Dr. Phillips Kelpidine Chewing Gum and follow Dr. Phillips Plan. This wholesome, tasty delicious Kelpidine Chewing Gum contains Hexitol, REDUCES appetite and is sugar free. Hexitol is a new discovery and contains no fat and no available carbohydrates. Enjoy chewing this delicious gum and reduce with Dr. Phillips Plan. Try it for 12 days, then step on the scale. You'll hardly believe your eyes. Good for men too.

\$1
12 DAY
SUPPLY
OUT



MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE! 10 DAY FREE TRIAL!

Mail the coupon now! Test the amazing Dr. Phillips KELPIDINE CHEWING GUM REDUCING PLAN for 10 days at our expense. If after 10 days your friends, your mirror and your scale do not tell you that you have lost weight and look slimmer you pay nothing.

AMERICAN HEALTHAIDS CO., Dept. CH-83 318 Market St., Newark, N. J.

Just mail us your name and address, and \$1.00 cash, check or money-order. You will receive a 12 day supply of KELPIDINE CHEWING GUM (Improved Formula), and Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan postage prepaid.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Send me Special 24 day supply and FREE 12 day package for \$3.00. I understand that if I am not delighted with KELPIDINE CHEWING GUM and Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan, I can return in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

SENT ON APPROVAL — MAIL COUPON NOW!

